

## TRUST.

The clouds hang heavy round my way,  
I cannot see;  
But through the darkness I believe  
God leadeth me.  
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in his  
While all is dim;  
To close my weary, aching eyes,  
And follow him;  
Through many a thorny path he leads  
My tired feet;  
Through many a path of tears I go,  
But it is sweet  
To know that he is close to me,  
My God, my guide.  
He leadeth me, and so I walk,  
Quite satisfied.  
To my blind eyes he may reveal  
No light at all;  
But while I lean on his strong arm  
I cannot fall.

## SKY STUDIES.

New York Sun.

"It's easy enough to be a weather prophet. All you've got to do is to keep your eye on the sky, and it is a very sly storm, indeed, that steals a march on you."

The speaker was a gentleman living on Columbia heights, Brooklyn, who has done a great deal of sky gazing, but who says he has no desire for a public reputation as a weather-wise man.

"Look out of the south window. Do you notice those long, narrow, misty-looking clouds in parallel rows that seem to be advancing upward from behind Staten island with the precision and steadiness of a line of battle? They are the advance guard of an approaching storm. The barometer has not given the slightest sign, and it probably will not until that skirmish line has reached the zenith, which may take hours, and yet I am as certain that a storm is coming as though I saw the rain falling."

"Do you mean that you can foretell a storm by the clouds sooner than by a barometer?"

"Anybody can. Those winter storms, especially, announce their approach sometimes two or three days in advance. Whenever you see those parallel stripes of cloud rising in the southwest and moving in ranks slowly across the sky, you may be sure that wet or snowy weather is at hand. Why should not the clouds foretell the weather? There cannot be any storm or any considerable change of weather without clouds, and there is almost as much difference perceptible in clouds as in faces, if people would but notice them closely."

"Do clouds always foretell storms?"

"No; some clouds give assurance of fair weather. A very little practice will enable anybody to read this language of the clouds. It is more like studying a language than you would suppose. You know in Latin, a change in the termination of a word changes its meaning. Just so a change in the form of clouds changes their meaning. It is no mere chance work, but a certain change always means the same thing. If 'cirri' turn into 'cirro-strati,' every meteorologist knows what that means just as well as the boy at the head of the Latin class knows the difference between 'Hic' and 'Hujus.'"

"Then clouds are not all of one kind?"

"By no means. About eighty years ago Luke Howard, an English Quaker, whose business required him to take long walks in the open air, completed a classification of clouds that has ever since been in general use. One of the most wonderful phenomena ever witnessed in the sky led Howard to study the clouds. This was the great dry fog of 1783, that overspread the whole of Europe and part of Asia and America, reaching to the summit of the Alps, and lasting from one to three months, according to the locality. The greatest terror prevailed, and the end of the world was thought to be at hand."

"Howard noticed that there are three principal kinds of clouds, which he called cirrus, cumulus, and stratus. Anybody can see the difference between these clouds at a glance. The cirrus is the highest of all clouds. You must have often seen it in the form of white filaments, sometimes called 'mares' tails' and 'cats' tails.' Stretched across the blue sky like delicate lace work, it is very beautiful. Travelers say that on the summit of lofty mountain peaks,

from which they could look down upon the heavier clouds, they have seen these wispy cirri floating overhead, apparently as far away as when seen from the earth. In calm summer evenings, long after sundown, these clouds may be seen reflecting the almost delicate tints of color from the last rays of sunlight that illuminate the higher regions of the atmosphere.

"The cirri are composed of little crystals of ice. These clouds and their derivatives cause the halos that are sometimes seen about the sun and moon. It was probably cirro-strati that caused the great display of moon-dogs and circles the other day at Denver. Cirrus clouds indicate both storms and clear weather, according to their appearance. If they appear in their most delicate forms after stormy weather, they are a sign that a period of settled weather is at hand. When they show themselves in parallel streaks after fair weather has lasted, for some time, they are the first indication of approaching change. Cirri when greatly tangled and knotted, show stormy weather close at hand. If their borders grow faint and indistinct, there is rain coming."

"Cumulus clouds are characteristic of summer. The farmers call them thunder-heads when they poke their smooth, white, rounded summits, glittering in the sun like silver, above the horizon. In that form they are the forerunners of local thunder-storms. These mountainous-looking clouds sometimes actually exceed the greatest peaks of the Andes or Himalayas in size. When cumulus clouds appear in a warm, pleasant day, not very large, distinct though soft in outline, and resembling cotton balls, they indicate continued fair, dry weather. On the other hand, when they grow larger, darker and more formidable-looking, they foretell storms. Just before a rain they sometimes seem to throw off little fleecy clouds around their edges. Goethe, the great German poet, who was fond of studying the clouds, said that as long as the cumuli have sharply-defined borders and a white color, a continuance of good weather may be expected. Cumulus clouds often form soon after sunrise and temper the heat of a midsummer day. If they gradually disappear toward evening the weather will remain serene, but if as the sun goes down they grow darker and more numerous, then look out for rain. The cumuli are the capitals, or condensed summits of invisible columns of vapor rising from the earth. They do not attain nearly so great a height as the cirri. Cumuli are generally from half a mile to two miles high. Cirri vary in height from two or three miles to six or eight."

"The stratus is most common at night and in winter. These long clouds that I pointed out to you in the southwest, and which show a coming northeast storm, are a variety of stratus. They always appear in the form of stripes or broad, low curtains, covering more or less of the sky. The night stratus is formed of mists from swamps, rivers and moist ground. It generally rises and changes into small cumuli on summer mornings. The other kind of stratus, appearing at considerable heights in the fall and early spring, is, as I have said, an invariable forerunner of stormy weather."

"These three kinds of clouds do not always appear in their simple forms. They are frequently mingled together, and four varieties of these derivative clouds have been distinguished. The cirro-cumulus consists of little roundish white clouds, floating at a high elevation, and often resembling a flock of sheep resting upon the blue background of the sky. In winter these clouds frequently appear before a thaw. Between summer showers they accompany increased heat. They are common in dry weather."

"The cirro-stratus commonly appears in shoals resembling fish in shape. Its popular name is the 'mackerel' sky. It is almost a sure indication of approaching stormy weather. When it settles down into a thin veil, covering the sky and making the sun and moon look dim, it is certain to be followed

by snow or rain. You will see it in that form following those streaks that are rising in the southwest and covering the sky before the storm comes."

"Did you ever see a battle in the clouds? The cirro-cumuli and cirro-strati are natural enemies. The first named is a fair-weather cloud. When they meet as they sometimes do after a summer storm has partially cleared, there is war in the sky. The cloudy squadrons encounter in midheaven to settle the question whether sunshine or storm shall prevail. If the cirro-cumuli succeed, the weather will be clear; if the cirro-strati are victorious, there will be more foul weather. It is a war of destruction, and the battle usually ends with a total disappearance of one or the other of the two kinds of clouds, all assuming the form of the successful party."

"Cumulo-stratus is the grandest of clouds, and so it is the appropriate forerunner of great storms. If you ever happened to go up the Hudson when a great storm was gathering in the Catskills you must have seen this cloud dropping on the mountain tops and hiding the great peaks like a vast curtain. Whenever you see these clouds lumping up, you may be sure that a violent change in the atmosphere is close at hand. The cumulo-stratus consists of a layer or foundation of dark-colored stratus cloud nearest the earth, surmounted by bulky piles of very dense cumulus, not white and smooth like the fair weather cumulus, but rough, dark and threatening."

"One of the grandest sights in the world is the majestic march of the cumulo-stratus clouds across a hilly country district in advance of a violent storm. Animals, as well as men, are intimidated by the fearful appearance of the heavens, and show their fear by trembling and hurrying to places of shelter. These clouds commonly make their appearance first in the northwest, rising black and threatening above the horizon. Soon the rumbling of heavy thunder is heard, and as the clouds approach the zenith, blotting out the sun, fitful gusts of wind arise, followed by periods of oppressive calm. Sometimes a whirlwind motion is seen in the clouds. Then look out! If a black funnel seems to drop from the clouds to the earth, it is a tornado, and nobody can tell what damage it may do. The cumulo-strati foretell a storm several hours in advance. The longer they linger near the horizon the more violent the storm is apt to be."

"The last class, or rather sub-class, of clouds is the nimbus or black rain cloud, which spreads over the heavens just as the storm begins. It is made up of a mixture of all the other kinds, and appears in every storm, but is seen in its most characteristic form in a thunder-storm. Sometimes it approaches within a few hundred feet of the earth, and at other times it is two or three thousand feet high. While it always appears black or gray from beneath, it is, in fact, surmounted by a snowy white cap of cirrus or cumulus. I have sometimes, in the hills of central New York, seen from an elevated station, the passage of a storm through a distant valley. The glittering upper surface of the clouds then presents a beautiful appearance, while underneath they are dark and forbidding, and the pouring rain hides the landscape."

"On account of the mixing together of the various classes of clouds, it is sometimes difficult to accurately distinguish them apart. A little practice, however, will enable any observant person to detect the prevailing characteristics. Indications vary slightly for different localities, and some knowledge of local peculiarities is therefore necessary. Anyone who watches the clouds can form many weather rules for himself that he will find at least as trustworthy as the predictions of Old Probabilities."

An affidavit is generally pretty dry reading, and if there is anything ludicrous in it it must be by accident. The following, however, is suggestive of the possibility of humor even in a law document: "The prisoner set upon me, calling me an ass, a scarecrow and an idiot, all of which I certify to be true."

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The waste of time—The middle of an hour-glass.

Every man's house is his castle, but every man can't be king of Ashantee.

An apologist for tobacco-smoking holds that the more men fume the less they fret.

Punch thinks that Victor Hugo on his birthday should be rechristened Victor Ego.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud? Because it is continually light'ning.

To avoid being cheated in a horse trade, be sure that your horse is absolutely worthless.

When some politicians are weighed they are found wanting every office in which there is a vacancy.

Sir Samuel Baker noted as a curious fact that a negro has never been known to tame an elephant or any other wild animal.

Fish are so plenty in some parts of Canada that in order to tell a first-class lie the sportsman has to swear he didn't catch any.

A hen is more apt to have a higher appreciation of the value of an egg than a human being has, because she sets more on it.

A fascinating young lady at a party, was asked if she ever read Shakespeare? "Of course I have. I read that when it first came out."

Politeness of heart consists in a habitual benevolence, and an absence of selfishness in our intercourse with society of all classes.

"What do you know about the cuckoo?" asked a school teacher of little Johnny. "Nuffin," 'cept he don't lay his eggs himself."

The first duty is to your soul, and then other things may come; always remembering that the good of the soul is the final object of everything.

Fifty-one metals are known to exist, of which thirty has been discovered in the present century. Only seven were known four hundred years ago.

The man who took a seat in the orchestra when his ticket was for the second balcony felt badly at having to change. In fact he was moved to tiers.

The habit of resolving without acting is worse than not acting at all, inasmuch as it gradually sunders the natural connections between thought and deed.

He that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat; which, though it has eyes to see that there is a sun, yet it hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun.

God will judge us by what we are and do. There is no substitute for purity of heart and uprightness and usefulness of life. It is never well with any but the righteous.

French eaters of American pork have secured the services of eight experts, who carefully inspect all imported bacon. La Belle France says to Dame Columbia: "There's a trick-I-know-sis."

We know a man so cross-eyed that he put his hand into another man's pocket and abstracted therefrom a watch. He wanted to learn the time. The judge told him that it would be three years.

A small boy astonished his mother the other day by wishing himself a pudding. "Why a pudding Frank?" asked his mother. He replied: "'Cause then I would have lots of sugar put into me."

An Englishman who went to see an Irish friend knocked at the door and asked: "Does Mr. McGuire live here?" "He does, sir; but he's dead!" "When did he die?" "If he'd lived till to-morrow," was the response, "he'd have been dead a fortnight."

A smart boy in one of the public schools, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows:—"The throat! A throat is convenient to have, especially to fowls and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up."